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1867

THE LATEST EDITION OF

HELEN;

OR,

TAKEN FROM THE GREEK.

A Burlesque,

IN THREE SCENES,

A Companion Picture to "Paris; or, Vive Lempriere!"

BY

F. C. BURNAND, Esq.,

(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society),

AUTHOR OF

Patient Penelope, or The Return of Ulysses; Ixion, or the Man at the Wheel; Alonzo the Brave, or Faust and the Fair Imogene; Villikins and his Dinah; Lord Lovel and Lady Nancy Bell; Romance under Difficulties; In for a Holiday; Dido; King of the Merrows; Deerfoot; Fair Rosamond; Robin Hood, or The Foresters' Fete; Acis and Galatæa; The Deal Boatman; Madame Berliot's Ball, or the Chalet in the Valley; Rumpelstiltskin, or The Woman at the Wheel; Snowdrop, or the Seven Mannikins and the Magic Mirror; Cupid and Psyche, or as Beautiful as a Butterfly; Ulysses, or the Iron Clad Warrior and the Little Tug of War; Pirithous, the Son of Ixion; Windsor Castle; Dido (second edition); Paris, or Vive Lempriere; L'Africaine (opera-bouffe); L'Africaine (burlesque, Liverpool); Boabdil el Chico, or the Moor the Merrier; Sappho, or Look before you Leap; Our Yachting Cruise (G. Reed's); Der Freischutz, or a good Cast for a Piece; Antony and Cleopatra, or His-story and Her-story in Modern Nilo-metre; Olympic Games, or the Major, the Miner, and the Cock-a-doodle-doo; The Latest Edition of Black-eyed Susan, or the Little Bill that was Taken up; Guy Fawkes, or the Ugly Mug and the Couple of Spoons, &c., &c.

AND PART AUTHOR OF

B. B.; Volunteer Ball; Turkish Bath; Carte de Visite; The Isle of St. Tropez; Easy Shaving; &c., &c.

* * An adaptation of "*La Belle Hélène*," in Three Acts, (with Offenbach's music) by the same Author, was performed at the Adelphi.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

THEATRICAL PUBLISHER,

LONDON.

First performed at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Clayton Square, Liverpool (under the management of Mr. Alex. Henderson), on Monday, the 30th of September, 1867.

LATEST EDITION OF

MELBURN;

OR, TAKEN FROM THE GREEK.

The Dresses by Mrs. HUTHER. Scenery by Messrs. DAWSON and JONES. Properties by Mr. SCARBROW.
Machinery by Mr. DAY.

Characters.

PARIS (Prince of Troy, and Son of King Priam)	Miss RAYNHAM.
MENELAUS (King of Sparta—Husband of Helen)	Mr. SHAW.
AGAMEMNON (the Chief of the Myrmidons)	Miss LYDIA MAITLAND.
CALCHIAS (High Priest, basso profundo Low Priest to the Temple of Jupiter—Gammon)	Mr. HILL.
ACHILLES (invulnerable everywhere)	Mr. HOLLANDE.
AJAX I. (King of Salamis, and perhaps related to the well known everybody's Aunt, Miss Sally)	Mrs. RAYMOND.
AJAX II. (King of Locrians)	Miss BESSIE HARDING.
PHILOCOMENOS (a Clerk in the Temple of Jupiter—Gammon)	Mr. ANDREWS.

ENTHYCELES ... (*a Worker in Iron, one of the ancient family of Greek-Smiths*) ... Mr. THOMAS.
 ORESTES ... (*Helen's Nephew, an Anachronism, Son of Agamemnon*) ... Miss NELLY BURTON.
 HELEN (*the Fairest One with the Golden Locks, and the loveliest creature ever seen, Queen of Sparta*) ... Miss FURTADO.
 GLAUCE ... (*her Lady's Maid*) ... Miss DEAN.
 BACCHUS } Messrs. WILSON and
 LENÆ } PHILLIPS.

programme of the Scenery, &c.

SCENE I.—EXTERIOR OF JUPITER'S TEMPLE.

The Shepherd—The King and the Conundrums—The Oracle—Sudden departure of Menelaus for Crete.

SCENE II.—IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER.

A Visit—A Threat—A Dream—Sudden Arrival of Menelaus from Crete.

SCENE III.—ON THE SANDS AT NAPULIA.

The Revenge of Venus—The Augury—The Sail—Enormous Sacrifice of Menelaus.

S O L D !!!

72216
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HELEN ;

OR,

TAKEN FROM THE GREEK.



SCENE FIRST.—*Exterior of the Temple of Jupiter, at Sparta.*

Chorus of DEVOTEES, discovered presenting their offerings, chiefly flowers, before the Temple. The Temple door is opened, and CALCHAS enters, followed by PHILOCOMENOS, C. Exit DEVOTEES and SLAVES, carrying the offerings into the Temple.

CALCHAS. Business is bad. It's very hard to state
That Jove has not been patronized of late.
I seldom see 'em to our Temple going ;
Men are becoming so uncommon knowing.

PHILOCOMENOS. But, reverend Mister Calchas, I've heard
tell,

The priest of Venus does uncommon well.

CALCH. The priest of Venus goes on well ; but how ?

'Cos, Phil, that goddess is the rage just now.

For wasn't she proclaimed the fairest by
Young Paris, on Mount Ida ? Ah, that's why.

But stir yourself, to day's the annual fête

Of great Adonis, which to celebrate,

Helen, our queen, will hold a festive court

To all the Grecian Princes ; and I ought

To give an oracle to-day—a tip

For next year's Derby—can't let this chance slip.

Old Calchas's right again, so pay your fees ! (*music*)

What's that ?

PHILO.

Queen Helen and her devotees.

(*goes up steps, c.*)

Music.—Enter, R. U. E., four LADIES, with double flutes, four with cymbals, then HELEN, followed by two LADIES, with offerings.

Hymn to Adonis.—“ C'est le devoir des Femmes Filles.”

HELEN. Adonis he was killed by a little boar;
 He was no less than loved by Venus—
 No less, no more—
 Killed by a boar,
 He is no more.

CHORUS. He is no more.

HELEN. Adonis, dear, we'll thus address you;
 Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, little star;
 To shed a tear will not distress you,
 Since high above the world you are.
 I'm sure you'll hear us, Venus;
 Oh, Venus, up yonder;
 I'm sure you'll hear us, Venus, up yonder.
 Lovely goddess (between us),
 No one of him was fonder,
 Whose praise we sing to you—
 Whom we hymn to you.

CHORUS. Lovely Venus up yonder,
 Of that youth none fonder,
 Of him no one was fonder than you.

(CALCHAS invites them to enter the Temple—the
 MAIDENS accept his kind invitation—HELEN
 stops on the first step and beckons CALCHAS—they
 come down)

HELEN. A word with you.

CALCH. (*obsequiously*) Queen Helen! (*bows*)

HELEN. (*stopping him*) That'll do;

 I simply said, I want a word with you;
 But if those foolish attitudes you strike,
 I shall have words with you which you won't like.
 Tell me that Ida business.

CALCH. (*taken by surprise*) Most unfottinit.

 Ida! now I'd ha' thought you had forgotten it.
 (*coaxingly*) Don't think about it, queen.

HELEN. (*impetuously*) What! Gods above!
 (CALCHAS *is startled, and HELEN continues meditatively*)
 Paris! (*quietly*) Yes, Venus promised him the love
 Of the most beauteous woman man could see
 As his reward. (*looking at CALCHAS meaningly*) Who
 can that person be? (*she walks up and down,*
 CALCHAS watching her)
 The loveliest woman in the world. Well, who
 D'y'e think?

CALCH. There's not a doubt of it.

HELEN. Who?

CALCH. You!

(HELEN *is startled and jumps away from CALCHAS*)

HELEN. (*recovering herself*) Ah! that's your fun, old man.

CALCH. No.

HELEN. Go along o' you——

To talk like that—(*pettishly and coquettishly*)

Absurd! It's very wrong o' you.

CALCH. (*rapturously*) The loveliest you——

HELEN. (*solemnly*) You'll swear.

CALCH. I may—(*is about to swear, HELEN stops him, and*
 he says apologetically) Mad-am!

HELEN. Well, now you mention it, I think I am.

When at my toilette I can *not* help seeing,

That I am out and out the loveliest being;

And Paris is to win me, is he? Stay,

Isn't there Menelaus in the way?

CALCH. Your husband? Yes, (*with piety extraordinary*)
 but if the gods dispose——

HELEN. Exactly; and if Paris should propose——

CALCH. Precisely.

HELEN. Menelaus—on the whole,

Poor fellow! he's a very worthy soul.

Among the Kings there isn't one above him;

(*with rapture*) I've every reason, every cause to love
 I'd cling to him as does the tender plant [him!]

About the oak. (*utterly changing*) And yet somehow
 I can't.

CALCH. You chose him from a hundred rivals, queen.

HELEN. Imagine what the others must have been.

CALCH. Your majesty——

HELEN. (*meditatively*) The loveliest!

CALCH. Will it please
The queen to join the other devotees?

• (*motioning her towards the Temple, whence comes
the refrain of the chorus*)

You hear those strains? the ladies——

HELEN. Make that row.

(*regarding her own dress*) Those strains! these trains
are all the fashion now.

(*goes towards Temple, her train interferes with her
walking—Music within—Exit HELEN up steps
and into Temple*)

CALCH. Now to attend upon the Jove-ial rites.

(*goes up steps—turns on the tap and looks at the lights*)

That's waste of oil; I'll put out those two lights.

I'll make 'em blaze again when all is done,

At luncheon time—say something light by one.

Enter PARIS, L., addressing him enquiringly.

PARIS. Coolchas? [further?

CALCH. (*correcting him*) No, Calch-as. I am he. What

PARIS. Calchas! I thought you were some ass or other.

CALCH. Young man, I am the Reverend Calchas.

PARIS. Eh?

Do I address the vicar, then, of Bray?

Oh, no offence.

CALCH. (*going*) I can't attend!

PARIS. (*superciliously*) Oh, can't you?

CALCH. (*angrily*) And what is more, I shan't attend.

PARIS. (*coolly*) Oh, shan't you!

Have you by any chance received to-day

A letter from the Goddess Venus—ch?

CALCH. Don't be absurd!

PARIS. My pigeon should have brought it;

A clever bird, and all it's learnt I've taught it;

It knows the way here, each mile, foot, and half inch.

CALCH. (*sceptically*) Old birds aren't caught with chaff.

PARIS. 'Tis not a *chaff*-inch,

More like a dove—she's here! (*Music*) And brings

CALCH. (*derisively*) She knows her letters? [the news.

PARIS. Yes; the *hens* and *coos*.

(*the PIGEON flies to PARIS, and flap its wings ;
PARIS extracting letter from underneath the
BIRD's wing*)

From Cytherea ! he's come very far.

CALCH. The pigeon's done.

PARIS. Done ! pigeons mostly are.
(*to PIGEON, who flies away*)

Fly, Dicky, fly ! Dicky's himself again.

(*reading*) CALCHAS, addressed to you—read, 'twill explain.

CALCH. (*reads*) Venus presents her compliments
To Calchas, and infers,
From all she knows of him,
And can suppose of him,
That there needs no excuse,
For her to introduce,
A nice young friend of hers. (*he looks at PARIS*)
A youth whose cultivated taste
Meets with her approbation,
Who will be well received and placed
High in your estimation.
To him, she, Venus, promised this
For work that needs no mention ;
The loveliest lady should be his,
You'll work out this intention.

(*he looks at PARIS*)

And Venus wishes you to take,
The very first occasion
To bring her friend—her word's at stake—
'Neath Helen's observation.

Venus presents her compliments again to you,
And all the rest young Paris will explain to you.

CALCH. Then you are Paris ; Priam, your papa
The King of Troy ?

PARIS. In slang phrase, right you are.

CALCH. Introduce *you* to Helen ? I must do
Whatever Venus orders, so must you.
Her husband's my great friend ; but in all dealings
With gods, one must suppress one's private feelings.
So I am yours.

(*Musio—during which HELEN and ATTENDANT
re-enter from Temple, c.*)

She comes. You lucky dog,

I'll introduce——

PARIS.

Not yet; I'll stay *incog*.

(HELEN *observes* PARIS—*exit* ATTENDANTS)

HELEN. Calchas!

CALCH. Great Queen.

HELEN. Just tell me, if you can,

Who is——

CALCH. (*obsequiously*) The loveliest——

HELEN. (*sharply*) No, that nice young man.

CALCH. (*confused*) He is a country gentleman—a pheasant.

HELEN. A what?

CALCH. (*aside*) I'm so confused. (*aloud*) I mean a peasant.

HELEN. He's very handsome; what a sweet expression.

What is he?

CALCH. Hem! a shepherd by profession.

HELEN. If shepherds all are like the one I see,

How happy must the shepherdesses be!

CALCH. You'd better question him.

HELEN. That I will do,

I recognize the voice of Jove in you;

Whose will 'tis pleasure to obey when known,

And when it fits exactly with one's own.

CALCH. I leave you.

HELEN. Yes, Jove's voice again. Don't wait.

CALCH. (*aside*) What must be, must; it's all arranged
by fate. *Exit into Temple, c.*

HELEN. (*aside*) Dear me, I feel a kind of palpitation.
(*bashfully eyeing* PARIS)

PARIS. (*aside*) There seems to be a little hesitation;

Than her no lovelier woman could I find!

Venus, upon my word, you're very kind.

HELEN. Ahem!

PARIS. Ahem!

HELEN. I——

PARIS. You——

HELEN. Eh? did you speak?

(*aside*) We shan't get on at this rate for a week.

(*aloud*) Remarks on personal appearance you'd
consider from a stranger rather rude;

But when on you at first I set my eyes,
I said, he is a god, and in disguise,
Coming as Jupiter once courted Leda.

PARIS (*modestly*) I'm but a shepherd, ma'am; of sheep
a feeder.

HELEN. Can you be that? My views of folks Agrarian,
Is that they all are more or less barbarian.

PARIS. Such an employment's not beneath my station,
Though p'raps it is a *bar-bar-ous* occupation.

HELEN. Why, may I ask, then, have you left your place?

PARIS. To make my fortune.

HELEN. It is in your face;
I'm something of an artist, be my model.

PARIS. (*aside*) An artist! then she paints.

HELEN. Just turn your noddle,
Half round—that way; the other way I said.

PARIS. This is enough to turn a fellow's head.

HELEN. (*aside*) A common man in quite a common coat,
And p'raps not rich enough to have a vote!

I'm queen. (*shakes off her sentimentality and changes
the conversation*) What is the time, sir, by
the sun?

What do you think?

PARIS. (*with tenderness*) I think, ma'am, about one.

HELEN. My watch. (*feeling for it*)

PARIS. They're not invented. But I may
(*significantly*) Observe, I'm quite up to the time of day.
'Tis three.

HELEN. "Two's company, but three is not,"
And at that hour a court of kings I've got;
All sorts of stupid fun they're going to try,
Charades, conundrums.

CALCH. (*appearing on temple steps*) They approach.

HELEN. (*to PARIS*) Good bye.

(*Music—HELEN and PARIS regard each other lovingly*)

PARIS. (*slowly*) Good bye.

HELEN. Good bye. (*slowly*) We'll meet
again once more.

PARIS. We shall; then not "Good bye," *O reservoir.*

HELEN. *O reservoir?*

CALCH. (*looking off*) Here come the two first ranks!

HELEN. (*to PARIS*) *O reservoir.*

PARIS. (*to HELEN*) For that word many *tanks.*
Exit, R.

CALCH. (*to HELEN*) The throne you must ascend; some
preparation!

You'll want.

HELEN. (*rousing herself*) I shall "Get up" for the
occasion. *Exit, L.*

*Enter ORESTES, R.—SERVANTS place seats during following
March.*

CALCH. (*patronizingly*) Well, young Orestes.

OREST. (*brusquely*) Quite well, thanks. The session
Begins with pa' and Kings in grand procession.

*March and Chorus,—A March, the now popular Braban-
gonne of the Belgians, or the Sultan's March—"Couplets
des Rois," from "La Belle Hélène."*

AJAX 1ST *entering with* AJAX 2ND, R.

We two looking like two lancers,
-king like two lancers,
-king like two lancers,

We're the two Ajax!

OREST. & CALCH. They are two Ajax!

AJAX 1ST. Who rudely comes and answers,
-ly comes and answers,
-ly comes and answers,

Will get crushing cracks.

OREST. & CALCH. They will get crushing cracks.

AJAX 1ST. Who'll for battle axe with us,
Who sees the battle axe!

BOTH. Of muscular looking lancers!

AJAX. -lar looking lancers,
-lar looking lancers,

Like the two Ajax.

OREST. } Such muscu-lar looking lancers,

CALCH. } -lar looking lancers,

CHORUS. } Like the two Ajax!

Enter ACHILLES, R.

ACHIL. And I'm val-i-ant Achilles,
-i-ant Achilles
-i-ant Achilles

Of Dons, the great don.

OREST., *both* AJAX, & CALCH. He's the great myr-mi-don.

ACHIL. Plains of Daffydowndillies,
Daffydowndillies,
Daffydowndillies,

Hither I've trod on.

CALCH. *both* AJAX. & OREST. To come here he's trod on.

ACHIL. My heel is my only weak point,
Ma' did not anoint.

I am Pe-li-des Achilles,
-ides Achilles,
-ides Achilles,

The great mummydon,

The mum, the mum-mydon !

OREST. } Yes, he's Pelides Achilles,
both } -ides Achilles,

AJAX. } The great mummydon.

CALCH. } Yes, he's Pelides Achilles,
CHORUS. } -ides Achilles.

The great mum-my-don !

Enter MENELAUS, R.

MENEL. We are Mon-arch Menelaus,
-arch Menelaus,
-arch Menelaus,

Helen's hus-i-band.

CALCH. OREST. *both* AJAX. ACHIL. Queen Helen's husiband.

She's too faithful to betray us,
-ful to betray us,
-ful to betray us.

Mum ! you understand.

CALCH. *both* AJAX. OREST. ACHIL. We under-dunder-stand.

MENEL. But je-a-lousee may play us

Tricks if that flame's fann'd,

I am Mon-arch Menelaus,
-arch Menelaus,
-arch Menelaus,

He-len's husi-band,
The hussy's husi-band.

CALCH. OREST. *both* AJAX. ACHIL. CHORUS. Yes, he's
Mon-arch Menelaus,
-arch Menelaus,
Helen's husiband.
Yes, he's Mon-arch Menelaus,
-arch Menelaus,
Helen's hus-i-band !

Enter AGAMEMNON, R.

AGAMEM. Cock-a-hoop is my manner,
-hoop is my manner,
-hoop is my manner.

I'm Aga-mem-non.

CALCH. OREST. ACHIL. *both* AJAX. & MENEL. A-gay—
Aga-memnon.

AGAMEM. Of war-ri-ors I'm a tanner,
-ors I'm a tanner,
-ors I'm a tanner,

Whom I come upon.

CALCH: OREST. ACHIL. *both* AJAX. & MENEL. Whom he
may come upon.

AGAMEM. Enough to proclaim my name,
For you to know my fame.
Quite cock-a-hoop is my manner,
-hoop is my manner,
-hoop is my manner,

Of A-gay-memnon—

A-gay—A-gay-memnon.

CALCH. OREST. &c., *and* CHORUS. Yes, cock-a-hoop is
the manner,

-hoop is the manner,

Of A-gay-mem-non.

Yes, cock-a-hoop is the manner,
-hoop is the manner,

Of A-gay-mem-non.

A-gay—A-gay—A-gay-memnon.

*(every one on the Stage now joins in the finishing
figure of "La Belle Hélène" quadrilles—dance)*

Enter HELEN, down, c.

CALC. (*announces*) The Queen!

(*grand flourish of trumpets—the KINGS are all assembled—HELEN, L., on the throne, seated next her is MENELAUS, AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, both AJAX, ORESTES, CALCHAS, PHILOCOMENOS, and EUTHYCLES, grouped—CROWD at back*)

AGAMEM. Well, here we are; a fact scarce worth repeating.
King Menelaus will address the meeting.

OREST. Bravo! (*MENELAUS is put out by this interruption*)

AGAMEM. My son.

OREST. Pa.

AGAMEM. Not another word,
Small boys like you are seen, but mayn't be heard.

MENEL. (*remonstrating*) If you are going on——

AGAMEM. We're not.

MENEL. (*annoyed*) I say,
"If"——

AGAMEM. We're not.

MENEL. (*more annoyed*) If——

AGAMEM. (*testily*) We're not.

MENEL. (*more emphatically*) If——

OREST. Fire away.

MENEL. (*bottles up his feelings and proceeds*) Hem!
unaccustomed as I am to—um——

Um—public speaking—a—the time has come
When, I may say, that is I have observed
That—you'll excuse my—um—it is reserved
For others to express, at least I mean,
Speaking for self and partner—that is, Queen.

(*AGAMEMNON prompts him*)

Who? eh? yes. Oh, of course, you've all met here
To celebrate the— (*HELEN prompts him*)

Yes, I know, my dear,

To celebrate the fête of Adonis

Among ourselves, and meet a few old cronies.

OREST. Hear! hear!

MENEL. Don't interrupt your king, because I

Don't like it. Agamemnon, here! where was I?

(*AGAMEMNON whispers*)

Speak up; oh, yes. To-day your recreation
Will be an intellectual occupation,
Riddles, charades, you'll guess at different times,
And then you'll have to make impromptu rhymes,
To any given word that may be read.

(AGAMEMNON *gives papers to HELEN*)

And as this is a contest of the head,
Helen our queen will handsomely come down,
And wreath the victor with a laurel crown;
We all can try, whatever be our station,
In this competitive examination;
Now sharpen up your wits, we'll keep this one day,
Henceforth among ourselves as Greek Whit Monday
Now crumpets—I mean trumpets. (*fanfare*)

First charade.

(MENELAUS *sits down*—HELEN *risés with riddle paper*)

HELEN. My first is—(*pauses*)

MENEL. Come, that isn't very hard.

HELEN. Silence!

My first is what I'd say to a horse,
That is, if I were a driver of course.

MENEL. Horse! Let me see.

HELEN. (*continues*) My second you'll see at half-past one.

ACHIL. (*suddenly*) Luncheon—no—dinner.

(AJAX 2ND *is coming forward with an idea but is restrained*)

HELEN. (*continues*) When in summer shines the noon-day
sun.

(MENELAUS, AJAX 1ST. ACHILLES, AGAMEMNON,
all strike different attitudes of thought and exclaim) Sun!

HELEN. My third is close or nigh to both,
The fourth and the second, but I'm loth
To put it much clearer. My fourth is said,
When you meditate on what you've read;
Or when you've got something to think about,
Which puzzles you rather to make out.
The whole you may see in a shop, (*stop*) or instead
You're likely to meet with it (*stop*) near a bed.

(*all puzzled*)

I'm masculine, feminine, neuter, all three,
Tell me, my friends, what can this be?

AJAX 1ST. Cupidity! }
AJAX 2ND. Trotters! } (*all repeat together*)
ACHIL. Wonderfully! }

AGAMEM. Explain cupidity. (*MENELAUS is lost in thought*)

AJAX 1ST. (*putting aside* AJAX 2ND) I'd say, "come up"
To any horse, which shortened thus, is "c'up,"
And c'up begins cupidity.

AGAMEM. Stupidity!

How, may I ask, do you explain the "idity?"

AJAX 2ND. Trotters!—I—let me see—no, I can't guess.

ACHIL. I've got it—"wonderfully!"

AGAMEM. I confess

I do not see the way.

ACHIL. Oh, yes, you know,
Of course, to horses ev'ry one says "wo."

Double U O spells wo, you see, and then——

AGAMEM. Then comes an "n."

ACHIL. Ah, never mind the "n,"

But—— (*is bothered*)

MENEL. (*suddenly*) Canterbury! "Canter-bu" and "ry."
You see it.

AGAMEM. No I don't.

MENEL. (*unable to see it*) No more do I.

(*retires disheartened*)

Enter PARIS, R., *from among the crowd at back*—HELEN
starts.

AGAMEM. Well, no more guesses.

PARIS. That charade to answer

I come, and I'm the only one who can, sir!

The syllables——

ACHIL. He calls us silly-billies!

MENEL. Perhaps you'll hold your stupid tongue, Achilles.

ACHIL. Rash boy!

PARIS. What I would say to a horse would be

"Gee!"

AJAX 1ST. Oh, yes.

AJAX 2ND. Of course!

MENEL. Oh, yes, I thought of "gee."

PARIS. My second you'll see when the sun shines—"ra."

MENEL. The very thing that I was going to say!

PARIS. The third is close or nigh to both,

The fourth and second, that is, "ni."

Gee-ray-nigh—

The fourth I say when I'm considering some

Slight puzzle like the present one, it's—"um."

Ge-ra-ni-um, it doesn't want the cranium

Of a great scholar (*looking at MENELAUS, who is trying to spell it*) to make out "geranium."

MENEL. Geranium! I've found it out!

ACHIL. Pooh!

AJAX 1ST. Pooh!

HELEN. The first prize, shepherd, I adjudge to you.

ACHIL. The first to him! a snob! who don't deserve it.

AGAMEM. Your name, sir?

PARIS. For the present I'll reserve it.
(*he retires, R., at back*)

OREST. Musicians play, "The conquering hero comes,"

MENEL. Blow all the trumpets, beat the co-nun-drums.
(*fanfare very much in discord*)

HELEN. Now for the rhymes, I give four words; your wit
Will make them neatly into verses fit.

Each word must end a line—

Life—lot—knife—knot.

MENEL. I can do that.

Every one who lives has a *life*,

Any body with a good appetite can eat a *lot*

Of dinner, if he's got a plate, a fork, and a *knife*,

But I can *not*.

AGAMEM. That's not verse.

MENEL. Every one who lives has a life.

ALL. Turn him out.

(MENELAUS *explains to CALCHAS, who* "Pooh poohs"
him)

AJAX 2ND. My life,
Your lot;
A knife
And knot.

AGAMEM. That's pretty.

ACHIL. (*disparagingly*) Sounds well.

AGAMEM. Yes; don't take offence,
The rhyme is rhyme I own; but where's the sense?

MENEL. Yes, where's the sense? Look here—

Everybody who lives has a life;
Anybody with——

ALL. Oh, order! order!

PARIS. (*re-appearing as before*) I'm in order.

ACHIL. You?

PARIS. Yes; I can give you rhyme and reason too.

(MENELAUS comes R. of PARIS, HELEN, L.—*all attention*)

PARIS. Two happy folks for *life*
Are joined by *lot*;
Fate gives the third a *knife*
To cut the *knot*.

CALCH. (*to MENELAUS*) How do you like it?

MENEL. Oh, the rhyme I praise;
But don't much like the moral it conveys.

"Fate gives a third the knife"—the notion's queer.

HELEN. 'Tis such a prettily expressed idea.

CALCH. Come, don't be jealous!

MENEL. I should be a flat

To care a penny for a man like that!

A rhymster, who, to judge from style I s'pose
Is some relation to the poet Close.

Jealous! (*aside*) I'd like to come behind his back
In some dark place and fetch him such a crack;
I'd show him that I wasn't jealous.

HELEN. Now,
To place the victor's crown upon his brow.

Finale.—Chorus, "*Sound, Sound the Trumpets*" (*from Puritani*).

Riddles are so laborious
This shepherd, yes, this shepherd is victorious,
Hurrah, let us be uproarious,
In a jolly noisy sort of way

Chord changes to "All among the Barley."

ACHIL. What! conquered by a peasant!

MENEL. Now tell us who you am?

PARIS. Well, sir, my name is Paris (*start*)
The son of old Priam.

(*executes a run and change the air to chorus of*)
"Champagne Charley."

Young Prince Paris is my name!
 Young Prince Paris is my name!
 Good for any little game, my boys,
 Yes, young Prince Paris is my name!

ALL. Yes, young Prince Paris is his name, &c., &c.

"On yonder Rock," (Fra Diavolo.)

MENEL. I'm glad you're not a peasant,
 For if you were it never would do,
 For Helen, my Queen, a grand present
 To give to a cad like you.
 You'll dine with us?

PARIS. (*to MENELAUS*) Delighted! (*aside to CALCHAS*) If
 Menelaus sent off could be.

CALCH. (*aside to him*) He'll go by an oracle frightened. (*goes
 up to temple steps*)

HELEN. (*aside*) Is this fatalitee!
 (*PHILOCOMENOS strikes the thunder on steps at back*)

CALCH. Tr-r-r-remble! (*thunder*)
 Down on your knees from your feet!

HELEN. Jupiter's oracle thunders.

CALCH. Menelaus - - - must go - - - to Crete!

ALL. Tr-r-r-remble! (*thunder*)

HELEN. Will you that order repeat?
 (*repeat as above except MENELAUS*)

MENEL. (*with them last line*) Why should - - - I go - - -
 to Crete!

(*rumbling of thunder — they all come round —
 MENELAUS, C., with the last chord—Tableau*)

Couplets des Rois.—"La Belle Hélène."

HELEN. Away Ju-pi-ter him summons,
 -pi-ter him summons,
 -pi-ter him summons,
 To Crete, 't isn't far.
 ALL. To Crete, it is not far.
 MENEL. To Crete! oh, ain't it far.
 HELEN. Fate's decrees! very rum'uns,
 -crees, very rum 'uns,
 -crees, very rum 'uns,

Ta, ta ! to Sparta !

ALL.

To Sparta, ta, ta, ta !

(MENELAUS takes umbrella and carpet bag from HELEN, and prepares to start as scene closes on tableau)

SCENE SECOND.—*Queen Helen's Private Apartment in the Palace of Sparta ; doors to open at back, with view of gardens and country ; a large picture of Leda, R., at back, the swan is seen in the background.*

HELEN enters, L., attended by her MAIDS and GLAUCÉ.

HELEN. I'll change that dress of state.

GLAUCÉ.

I wouldn't do it.

HELEN. A cotton ? well, I rather cotton to it.

GLAUCÉ. But there's a supper party of the princes ;
The cook's been making apple tarts with quinces.
They'll all be here, and then to see you thus——

HELEN. My worthy Glaucé, do not make a fuss ;
I've dressed myself for ev'ning as but *few* do.
I know what I'm about as well as *you* do.
Till Menelaus shall return, my vow
Is to remain just dressed as I am now.

GLAUCÉ. 'Tis fortunate that every one's aware
That you're indeed the fairest of the fair ;
Or if they saw what I now see——

HELEN. (*severely, but much agitated*) Miss Glaucé,
I do not pay your wages to be saucy.

Enter a SLAVE, c., who speaks to GLAUCÉ.

HELEN. (*aside to herself*) Fairest ! 'tis hard against fate's
hand to guard

One heart ; I guard two honours and——

GLAUCÉ. (*presenting what the SLAVE has given her*) A card.

HELEN. His Royal Highness Paris ! Won't receive him—
Say "out."

GLAUCÉ. He's found you "out," and won't believe him.
(*points to SLAVE*)

(*silly*) But you don't fear him ?

HELEN. Fear him—bah ! 'twould need a
Better than he to fright the child of Leda ! (*points to picture*)

Admit him !

*Exeunt, c., GLAUCE and SLAVE—GLAUCE ushers in
PARIS, and exit.*

HELEN. Prince—(*curtseys profoundly*)

PARIS. Good evening, madam. (*they sit*) Pleasant
Weather.

HELEN. Yes, very fine. (*pause*)

PARIS. No rain at present. (*pause*)

HELEN. But yesterday was wet.

PARIS. Ah, yes, becos

It rained. (*pause*) The day before was fine.

HELEN. It was.

(*pause*) You don't seem very happy.

PARIS. Madam, no. (*silence*)

HELEN. As you won't talk, excuse me if I sew.

(*takes some work up, and pretends to occupy
herself with the needle—keeping her eyes on
him*)

You're looking at my dress ; it does for stitching in.

PARIS. Madam, it is a dress you look bewitching in !

(*HELEN starts but resumes her work*)

HELEN. I'm mending all my husband's overcoats.

PARIS. You *sew* domestic *tares*, men *sow* wild *oats*.

HELEN. (*nervously*) I do not understand you.

PARIS. Yes you do ;

Paris is wild, (*rises*) and, while wild, doats on you.

(*HELEN, terrified, rises*)

Have you e'er seen the face of one who's taken

A resolution which shall not be shaken ?

HELEN. Oh, you alarm me !

PARIS. Pray sit down, and go

On with your *sewing* quietly—just so.

The goddess, Venus, promised a reward

To me ; she gave me what she could afford.

It was——

HELEN. What was ?

PARIS. (*coolly*) The great reward she giv' me ?

The loveliest woman in the world to love me.

How she'd fulfil it was, at first, above me ;

But you're the loveliest !

HELEN. Sir !

PARIS. And don't you love me ?

HELEN. Sir!

PARIS. If you do not love me, it is clear
The loveliest woman's somewhere else, not here.

HELEN. (*rising angrily*) Then whom d'you think the
loveliest woman, eh?

PARIS. Oh! 'pon my word I can't pretend to say,
But of the goddess' word I have no doubt,
And who loves *me's* the loveliest woman out.

HELEN. Ah! who can *that* be?

PARIS. Well, they very few are,
There is, in fact, but one——

HELEN. The loveliest——

PARIS. *You are,*
Therefore the fatal consequence must follow
That you are mine.

HELEN If you come near, I'll hollo.

PARIS. What! from obeying Venus do you shrink?

HELEN. (*aside*) I hope he hasn't had too much to drink.

PARIS. Hear me, there are three ways to gain your heart.

HELEN. Stop there! we can talk very well apart.

PARIS. First then; by love, you love me?

HELEN. (*agitated*) No!

PARIS. Once?

HELEN. No!

PARIS. Twice?

HELEN. No.

PARIS. Thrice?

HELEN. (*with feigned anger*) No!

PARIS. Well; on again we go.
The next by right of might——

HELEN. Oh! keep your distance!

PARIS. (*solemnly*) Who help themselves receive the gods'
assistance.

Princess! (*advancing towards her, and almost
throwing himself at her feet*)

HELEN. (*running away, calls*) Here—Glauce!

Enter GLAUCE, L.

GLAUCE. Madam, did you call?

HELEN. (*R., embarrassed*) I wished to know if you were
there, that's all. (*to PARIS*)

And the third mode you mentioned?

PARIS. (C., *very respectfully and deliberately*) You'll excuse
My only hinting that the third's—a ruse.

(*he bows very politely, and exit, C., GLAUCE replaces
the chairs in their former positions*)

HELEN. A ruse! a stratagem! why, if I knew it!
Venus encourages the youth to do it. (*music without*)
What's that?

GLAUCE. The kings are coming to the palace
To dine; we'll see them very soon.

HELEN. (*careless as to grammar*) Oh! shall us?

*Enter ORESTES, AGAMEMNON, both AJAX, ACHILLES,
C. and L., and CALCHAS gaily.*

HELEN. (R.) Good evening, Agamemnon. Have you heard
From Menelaus yet?

AGAMEM. (C.) No, not a word.

HELEN. He might have telegraphed.

(*ORESTES shakes his head—HELEN looks enquiringly*)

OREST. To be explicit, he
Knows nothing in the world of electricity.

ACHIL. Our party isn't full.

AJAX 1ST. No, where's that chap?

ACHIL. Where's Paris?

OREST. (*chaffingly*) Oh, you'd better get a map.

HELEN. Paris has gone; I think so.

AGAMEM. Now let's dine.

OREST. Come on, or they will over ice the wine.

*Music—Exeunt R., ORESTES and party joyously,
except CALCHAS, who on a sign from HELEN
remains behind.*

HELEN. Glaucé, I shall not want you any more.

(*GLAUCE is going*)

Stop. (*GLAUCE returns*) Place some extra slaves about
my door. *Exit, GLAUCE, C. and L.*

The third way is a stratagem, a ruse,

So if he tries, some guards will hear his shoes.

CALCH. (R.) Here are the guards; no thief would face that
row. (*SLAVES are heard marching off*)

HELEN. (L. C.) You hear the stamps—they're paid. (*silence*)
And posted now.

CALCH. Yes, in their separate boxes. (*seeing HELEN about to lie down on her couch, R. C.*) To recline
You'd like at once. (*looking to where the KINGS have gone off—aside*) I want to go and dine.

HELEN. I'm going to sleep—(*lies down sleepily*) Sit
down—(*more sleepily*) Upon the floor—
Anywhere. (*dropping off*) Don't mind me, (*dropping off*) I never snore. (*sleep*)

CALCH. I hope a little soup for me they'll save.
She's very lovely! if——(*approaching HELEN*)

Enter PARIS, C., disguised as a slave—comes down, and touches CALCHAS on the shoulder.

How dare you, slave!

CALCH. What! Paris! You don't say—

PARIS. I don't.

CALCH. (*deprecatingly*) You won't?

PARIS. Shan't! Now go away.

Exit C., CALCHAS—PARIS comes forward—Music—

PARIS regards the QUEEN, who is still sleeping

PARIS. I knew that Venus couldn't tell a lie.

Let's see, then, here's the Queen, and here am I.

She and I,

And nobody by,

And Menelaus gone!

(*"Hip hip, and he's a jolly good fellow," sung without*)
Who is it sings?

Orestes, and a lot of tipsy Kings;

That's what I 'spose they call, in phrase political.

A conference, when things are looking critical.

(*HELEN wakes and sees PARIS*)

PARIS. (L. C.) Silence! (*HELEN snores*) She dreams.

HELEN. (R.) Paris! it can't be Paris!

PARIS. (L. C.) She will scream.

HELEN. It cannot be; it is a lovely dream.

(*satisfies herself entirely upon that point*)

PARIS. She takes me for a dream! the sleepy pet!

I never was a man of substance yet.

Sonnambula! she's walking in her sleep! yet gleam

Her eyes. (*suddenly*) A happy thought! I'll be a
dream!

Duet.—Air, “Tootle tum, tootle tum tay.”

HELEN. Is it truly a beautiful dream?

It does seem

Quite a dream;

If awake, I am sure I should scream,
In a loud and violent way.

PARIS. 'Tis a dream, though I see with surprise,
That your eyes,
Such a size,

Are quite open, so all I advise

Is tootle tum, tootle tum tay.

Which chorus, dear, isn't errotic,

The words are in fact idiotic,

Tootle tum tootle tum *(bis.)*

Tootle tum, tootle tum tay,

BOTH. The chorus isn't errotic, &c., &c.

“*Seringapatam.*”

HELEN. They tell me on Mount Ida there,

You saw three Goddesses?

PARIS. Yes, Venus, with such tresses fair.

HELEN. As beautiful as these?

PARIS. Though she's the Queen of Beauty and
A bright divinity,

Yet hers and every face I've scann'd,

And you're the queen for me.

I love you so, sweet Helen,

In words there is no tellin';

Let's fly my sweet, the King's in Crete,

'Tis as far as Seringapatam-tam-tam.

BOTH. He's calling me his Helen, &c.

I love you, &c.

Why did we meet?—the King's in Crete, &c.

HELEN. The situation's very strong,

I've half a mind to scream;

It would of course be very wrong

If it were not a dream.

PARIS. But as it is a dream, to scream

A useless fuss would make;

So keep, for if you're fast asleep

You're very wide awake.

I love you so, &c.

(MENELAUS suddenly appears c., at the curtains at back. He utters a tremendous cry, as also does HELEN, who then falls into her husband's arms)

MENEL. (*pensively*) And this is "Home, sweet Home!"

It is delicious,

Thus to return—um—I am not suspicious,
And yet on first appearances, one might
Begin to fancy something wasn't right;
And the suspicion, as one thinks, grows strong,
Until one's certain that there's something wrong;
This hour is not the time to hold a levee,
My queen—(*she is still upon his shoulder*) Move off!
you're getting very heavy.

Heavy! alas! from what I see to night
I am afraid your conduct's getting light.

HELEN. (*as if waking up*) And is it you, my husband!
flesh and bone?

MENEL. (c., *looking at PARIS who is hiding his face*) So
slave!

HELEN. (r., *uncertain as to whether she is dreaming or not*)
I'll try him. (*pinches MENELAUS*)

MENEL. Do leave me alone!

That hurts, you know, enough to make me scream.

HELEN. Then 'tis reality! and not a dream.

MENEL. (*enraged*) Come take it off.

PARIS. (l., *loudly*) I won't.

MENEL. (*startled*) That cannot be

The tone in which he would atone to me;

I know it—once the man had my esteem.

(MENELAUS attempts to pull away the cloak which
PARIS holds up to his face)

PARIS. Don't.

MENEL. Won't I?

PARIS. (*unable to resist, throws off his disguise*) Paris!!!

HELEN. Then it's not a dream.

MENEL. A dream! I'd kill you, but, young Paris, I'd

Much rather not become a parricide,

But if my sword, just there, a wound makes wide,

'Twill only be a case of *Ho! my side!*

Which is, my legal knowledge is reliable,

Under the circumstances justifiable.

If I'd a sword, I'd do it now.

HELEN. Oh, cruel.

PARIS. But as you haven't we will fight a duel,
In which the chances are that, after all,
It may be you, instead of I, who'll fall.

MENEL. Pooh! I object to any such transaction,
Why, if I'm killed, where is the satisfaction?

PARIS. I shall be satisfied.

HELEN. And I——

MENEL. That's good?

HELEN. That you have fallen as a hero should.

MENEL. Hero! no! I will not chance being trounced!
Paris you shall be publicly denounced.

Hi! everybody! anybody! man and wum'un!

Somebody! hang it, I can summon *some'un*!

HELEN. (C.) Don't make that noise, you'd better far be
dumb.

MENEL. (R.) I'm master, missis, and I won't be mum.
Hi, hi!

PARIS. (L.) Be quiet, donkey!

MENEL. (C.) Oh, of course!

Donkey! I'll shout till I'm a little hoarse.

(*wildly*) Here! Kings, I've found a knave.

PARIS. They come.

MENEL. Sweet youth,

From them, and not from you, I'll know the truth.

I've half a mind to send for the police,

But won't. (*shouts*) I say, come here, you Kings of
Greece!

Enter the KINGS, AGAMEMNON, CALCHAS, ORESTES, &c., R.

AGAMEM. The King come back!

OREST. And Paris here!

MENEL. Precisely.

You had to guard my wife—you've done it nicely.

OREST. He's shewn himself up here without permission.

MENEL. Shewn! a nice kind of Paris exhibition!

How dare you?

AGAMEM. Dare! come, you just drop that tone.

The fault, if fault there was, is all your own.

MENEL. My own!

PARIS. Your own.

HELEN. Your own.

MENEL.

Say that again.

HELEN. Your own. (MENELAUS *is restrained by* AGAMEMNON, &c.) In a few words I will explain.*Song, HELEN, "Un mari sage."*

When husbands take
 A portmanteau
 A tour to make,
 And off they go,
 Then they should write
 Just a note to say
 That "on such a night,
 Or such a day,
 I shall return.

So be readee
 With the wine or urn,
 To dine or tea."

How could I learn
 Without a note
 Of his return?

He never wrote,
 He never wrote,
 He never wrote,

ALL.

How could she learn
 Without a note, &c.

HELEN.

A husband go-
 Ing off to pack
 Should let one know
 When he'll come back,
 Or else, if there
 Is the slightest doubt,
 My wife ('tis fair)
 May have just stepped out!
 She'll at a doz.

En places be,
 With ma' or cous-
 In, taking tea.
 How can one learn
 Without a note
 Of a return?

He never wrote!

ALL.

How can she learn, &c. (*chord*)

MENEL. (*monotone or recitative*) Ladies and gentlemen,
 You Kings of Greece, (*chord*) this Paris, (*chord*) 'tis
 quite clear,
 Like Mr. Ferguson does not lodge here. (*chord*)
 Therefore you'll join with me I have no doubt; (*chord*)
 And (*chord*) in two minutes we will kick him out.
 (*chord, chord — movement of one leg on the part of*
the KINGS)

HELEN *sings*.—"Offenbach."

I fear they will do,
 As they said,
 Your head
 An injury.
 My dear, upon you
 Could I doat
 If note-
 Ing any black eye?
 We're here for to do
 (As we said)
 Your head
 An injury.
 Come near any two,
 Though you fight
 They'll smite
 And blacken each eye.

"Upon the Ohio."

PARIS. Your menaces I still defy.

ALL. { Our eye! our eye!

HELEN. { Their eye! his eye!

PARIS. To kick me out you'd better try.

ALL. { We'll try! we'll try!

HELEN. { They'll try! they'll try.

PARIS. By Venus led I do not care.

ALL. Don't care! don't care!

PARIS. But any danger I will dare!

ALL. He'll dare! he'll dare!

MENEL. Oh is'nt it annoying

That a fellow cannot go,
 Far away himself enjoying
 But he is treated so;

But we our hands employing,
Will give him such a blow.

ALL. Oho! oho!

MENEL. That down at once he'll go.

ALL. (*chorus*) Oh, isn't it, &c.,

PARIS and HELEN. Oh, it must be annoying, &c.,

But they their hands, &c.,

So off at once I'll go,

So off at once I'll go.

(*the grand breakdown dance at the end of the*
"Upon the Ohio"—Exit PARIS, *by curtains, c.*,
KINGS, R. and L., MENELAUS and HELEN, R.)

SCENE THIRD.—*Nauplia—Fashionable Watering Place.*

BATHERS *discovered in various costumes.—Music—then enter AGAMEMNON and CALCHAS, L., in bathing gowns.—*
ORESTES, C.—*the two AJAX, ACHILLES, &c., come down, R.*

OREST. Here comes papa! long live my 'pa, the king!

ALL. Hurrah!

(AGAMEMNON and CALCHAS *advance, c., in extraordinary bathing costume*)

Hurrah!

AGAMEM. (*bowing to people*) I like this sort of thing.

You've bathed? (*to AJAX*)

AJAX 1ST. The man gave us a sudden poosh

Into the water, 'twas the very Douche!

(CALCHAS *wipes his eyes with large handkerchief*)

ACHIL. (*to CALCHAS*) But you do not seem happy; why those tears?

CALCH. I've got salt water in my eyes and ears.

Both my eyes smart as if they'd trapped a midge.

AGAMEM. I see; it is *h'eye water near the bridge*.

CALCH. (*solemnly*) My eyes! now laughing, 'stead of Jove invoking. (AGAMEM. *becomes suddenly serious*)

AJAX 1ST. (L. C.) Be Agamemnon King, and don't be Jo-king.

AJAX 2ND. All Greece is going to the bad, and why?

AGAMEM. Ah, why?

CALCH. (R. C., *to them*) It's dreadful. (*to AGAMEMNON*)
Let's go in and dry.

ACHIL. 'Cos Menelaus won't to Venus yield,
 But he against her favourite takes the field.
 But ev'rything goes wrong while Venus wreaks
 Her vengeance on us poor, unhappy Greeks.
 (to ORESTES) Have you seen Menelaus and the
 Queen here?

OREST. I've not been to my uncle's since I've been here;
 I "pop" in sometimes, when I take a walk;
 But since that row he's moody and won't talk.
 My aunt is very angry.

ACHIL. While we're talking,
 Here comes the happy pair, together walking.

*Music—all retire gradually—then HELEN enters, L., at
 back followed by MENELAUS, who is in deep thought, and
 occasionally starts, rubs his head, and slaps his forehead.*

MENEL. "Then it is not a dream,"—that horrid phrase,
 Has haunted me for these last past eight days.
 "Then it is not a dream," the words so went.
(meditates)

Hang me, if I can find out what she meant!
 And dictionaries all, however bulky,
 Won't help me here; and she won't, she's so sulky.
 "Then it is not a dream,"—what's "it?" the row?
 Of course not. I can't 'it "it" anyhow.
 "Then it is not a dream!" I emphasize it
 In different ways; no matter how one tries it,
 I am obliged at last to ask my Queen. (softly)
 Helen, my dear, you know, what does "it" mean.

HELEN. (R. C., abstractedly) It? "it" means "it."

MENEL. (L. C.) No, no!

HELEN. (provokingly indifferent) Well, then, it doesn't.

MENEL. (aside) Oh! I could lose my temper, but I
 mustn't. (aloud, sweetly)

I mean the phrase.

HELEN. (as before) Well.

MENEL. (angrily aside) Well. (aloud, still sweetly) The
 phrase that's been

Mentioned.

HELEN. (coolly) If you mean that, that's what you mean.

MENEL. (irritated) Madame, I've tried in many different
 To get some explanation of the phrase: [ways

"Then it is not a dream." You needn't smile.
 You're so provoking, it's enough to rile
 A saint it is, which Menelaus ain't,
 And so his fiery spirit needs restraint.
 That's neither here nor there—where am I? Oh,
 You used that curious phrase eight days ago—
 'Tis not a laughing matter. You've refused
 To tell me what you meant by those words used.
 Now, look here, I don't want to lose my temper,
 A woman's various, *et mutabile semper*.
 Which means, she wears silk one day, next day
 satin,
 Being a *Greek*, I don't know much of *Latin*.
 I picked it up when young at school in Tempé,
 And know enough for quoting like an M.P.
 As *verbum personale nominativo*
In numero and ketch 'em all alive oh;
 But this is a digression. Ah! where was I?
 Oh! I was saying we've come here becos I
 By change of air wish to remove depression,
 And having had one blow, to get a fresh 'un
 From the sea breeze of this mild Grecian Dover,
 So that the nine days' wonder might blow over.

HELEN. What good's sea air unless you cease to tease?

MENEL. 'Tis for your good I'm kicking up a breeze.
 You're either rightly or you're wrongly blamed.
 Now if you'd only say——

HELEN. Aren't you ashamed
 Of going on like this before each visitor?
 (pointing to PEOPLE at back)
 Do leave the whole affair to your solicitor;
 And if you're bent upon a separation——

MENEL. I'm bent upon your weal; one explanation
 Of "Then 'tis not a dream," I want; that phrase
 Still remains hidden by a sort of haze.

HELEN. Then do pierce through the haze—you drive me
 crazy.

MENEL. (*puzzled*) The haze?

HELEN. (*superciliously*) Not difficult.

MENEL. Oh, no, it's h'aisy.

But we will drop the subject, if you'll say
 One word to clear the clouds of doubt away.

All the suspicions which you chose to raise
Would be——

HELEN. Well?

MENEL. (*softly*) What's the meaning of that phrase,
"Then it is not a dream?" Come, Nelly, don't
Illuse your Mene—tell me.

HELEN. No I won't.

MENEL. Won't, won't you? Oh, you won't! then I insist
on it.

You shall explain to me, and there's my fist on it.
You daughter of a swan's egg, meant to men trick,
One might eggspect your deeds to be eggscentric.
No, I do not forget you're Leda's darter;
A darter with the name of such a mater
Has got an antecedent fame to start her.
But "*honi soit qui mal y pense*"—see Garter.
Were I a judge of faces like Lavater,
Who's going to live a very long time arter,
I might have drawn perhaps a sort of chart, a
Plan of your temper, whether mild or tartar,
Before I was to marriage made a martyr,
A *martyr*-imonial—no *martter*,
I blush for you the colour of tomata;
And as my crown for happiness I'd barter,
The truth I'll have from you by fire or water,
Or I'm not Menelaus, King of Sparta!

HELEN. Well, when you've done I'll speak, I am a
lamb on
Every occasion.

MENEL. Which in Greek is "gammon."

HELEN. (*sharply*) What did you say?

MENEL. (*a little disconcerted*) It was a sort of stammer.

HELEN. "Gammon," I think.

MENEL. (*meanly*) No, a Greek letter, Gamma.

HELEN. Gammon, you said, and you have too much pride
To own it.

MENEL. If 'twas gammon 'twas a side.

HELEN. You meant you've been deceived.

MENEL. (*deprecatingly*) You're getting warm.

HELEN. (*her tone and anger gradually rising*) I'll prove
that I as well as you can storm,

I've heard you rave and rant, and roar and riot,
 And for the last eight days I kept quite quiet;
 You've played the frantic madman for a week,
 While I have sat down injured, calm, mild, meek,
 Afraid to cry, almost afraid to speak,
 So you've gone on. I understand you fully,
 The hero Menelaus! sneak and bully!

MENEL. (*L., whistles surprised*) A piping bully.

HELEN. (*meaningly*) For your pipe then this'll
 Do well; for any explanation, whistle!
 You dare to threaten; you, a wretched Greek!
 Who, on a memorable night last week,
 Took off his sandals that they mightn't creak;
 And sneaked up to my room, yes, I said "sneak,"
 Sneaking all through the passages and garden—
 To threaten—I should like——

She approaches him menacingly. He steps back and treads on AGAMEMNON's toe, who, with CALCHAS enters, L. at the moment.

MENEL. (*confused*) I beg your pardon.

AGAMEM. What, Menelaus going to get a warming—
 The reigning Queen too!

MENEL. *Reigning!* gad, she's *storming*.

HELEN. (R.) I own that I was getting up the steam.

CALCH. Why?

MENEL. (C.) 'Cos she said, "Then it is not a dream,"
 Eight days ago.

HELEN. *shrugging her shoulders*) Yes! that's, you hear,
 his craze.

MENEL. And she refuses to explain the phrase.
 An explanation I will have.

HELEN. Don't bawl.

MENEL. That phrase!

HELEN. Well, I will answer once for all.

Song.—"The Wonderful Scholar."

I am tired with your botheration!

If you won't believe what I say true,
 You may just take my own explanation
 Or not; which you like of the two.

You're aware you'll lose all my esteem thus,
 By doubting my mo-ra-li-tee.
 If you go on all for a dream thus
 You'd prefer p'raps the re-a-li-tee.
 The phrase means ri fol de rol loddy
 Tooral ri tooral di doddy,
 Twiddle tum twiddle, you noddy,
 Why, that is all I've got to say.

Exit, R.—after she's gone, pause. MENELAUS, AGAMEMNON and CALCHAS look at one another puzzled, then come forward.

Chorus.

MENEL. The phrase means ri fol de rol loddy.

AGAMEM. Tooral ri tooral di doddy.

CALCH. Twiddle tum twiddle, you noddy.

ALL. And that is all she'd got to say.

MENEL. (C.) I do not call that explanation,
 Although every word may be true;
 I'll ask on another occasion,
 Perhaps I shall hear something new.

AGAMEM. (L.) Ri fol de rol lol isn't sense though,
 No more is ri tooral re dum.

CALCH. (R.) But I do think she meant no offence though,
 At her meaning we couldn't well come.

MENEL. The phrase means ri fol, &c. (as before)

(ensemble) The phrase means, &c.

MENEL. If she calls that explaining a queer phrase,
 I don't—that's what I've waited for, eight days.
 Oh, Agamemnon what a state of doubt!
 I once was bold! but now I feel *bowled* out!
 Women are nuisances! all women! cuss 'em!
 I've nurtured a young viper in my buzzum.

AGAMEM. Your curses on that Paris should be showered.

CALCH. The shepherd, Paris?

MENEL. Shepherd! he's a coward.

CALCH. At all events you're wrong in what you've done,
 For all the Greeks are suffering for one;
 Husbands desert their wives and wives their spouses.

MENEL. Paris!

AGAMEM. And you! a plague o' both your houses.

MENEL. What can I do if men and women flirt?
 The rage of Venus how can I avert? [weaken
 Tell me, (*to* CALCHAS) my venerable friend, don't
 Your eyes by snivelling, revered archdeacon!
 Words from your honied lips let fall, not funny 'uns,
 Mellifluous words of wisdom, *sage* and *honey* 'uns.

CALCH. You'll sacrifice——

MENEL. A ram—a sheep——

CALCH. 'Twon't pay,
 You'll sacrifice yourself!!

MENEL. What's that you say?

CALCH. Yourself.

AGAMEM. Yourself.

CALCH. It's for the general good.

AGAMEM. You will?

CALCH. You will.

MENEL. (*horrificed and astonished*) I will!!

CALCH. } (*shaking his hand*) We thought you would.
 AGAMEM. }

CALCH. (*to* MENELAUS) Yes, noble, generous man.

(*offers to embrace him*)

MENEL. Get out!

AGAMEM. (*enthusiastically*) I knew you would! Run this
 scientifically through you.

(*drawing his sword and presenting it to* MENELAUS)

CALCH. You're a monopoliser, with a wife!

Venus says, "Give her up!" you say, "With life!"

You'll try the free trade principle, and then if it

Succeeds, one suffers for the public benefit.

AGAMEM. Yes, as 'tis evident you'll never give

Her up with life, why you must cease to live!

(*attempts to stab him politely*)

MENEL. Stop, stop! then Helen will have freedom got!

A rich young widdy—an *in-wid-i-ous* lot!

Pooh! I've done something better. (*confidentially*)

I may mention,

Now that I've carried out a good intention,

I've written to Cythera, and between us

Have passed some letters.

CALCH. Us! who?

MENEL. Me and Venus.

I've sent there for the Augur.

AGAMEM. Of Cythera?

CALCH. But I'm the Augur!

MENEL. He'll make matters clearer.

He comes from Venus on a special mission.

CALCH. Another Augur!

MENEL. Yes, sir, competition.

CALCH. A rival? hang it! I will not allow—

MENEL. Why, 'twas your own advice to me just now!

We'll introduce free trade, and smash monopoly.

One suffers; but the public gains, and properly.

CALCH. (*furiously*) That Augur is a humbug.

AGAMEM. Take care; libel!

(*bell rings*) What's that?

CALCH. The Temple bell (*going, R.*)

MENEL. Or Helen, my belle!

Who rings (*to CALCHAS*) for your attendance.

(*bell again*)

CALCH. (*going*) Still 'tis knellin!

MENEL. It summons you to Heaven or to Helen.

(*CALCHAS is about to exit, R., stopped by a cry of a MOB without*)

CROWD. (*without L. and R.*) A boat! a boat!

AGAMEM. (*to CALCHAS*) Why do you shilly shally.

CALCH. (*looking off, R.*) It is not Helen.

MENEL. (*looking off, R.*) But a little galley.

Enter ORESTES, ACHILLES, the AJAX 1ST and 2ND, PHILOCOMENOS, L. U. E. and R. U. E., &c., with telescopes and opera glasses.

OREST. (*R., to MENELAUS*) What larks! there is as much excitement here,

As when the packet touches Ramsgate pier.

MENEL. (*up R. C.*) It must be very clear to ev'rybody's Telescope 'tis the galley of a goddess.

OREST. (*looking through glass*) 'Tis—Who?

MENEL. (*taking it away from him*) Cythera's Augur, who, young shaver,

Will teach us how to gain the goddess's favour,

Kneel, pious people, as he comes to dry land,

He'll think he's to an eel pie'ouse island.

Music—during the chorus a beautiful galley, containing the grand Augur of Venus glides on from R. to C. at

back—it is decked with roses and manned by CUPIDONS, the grand Augur is PARIS, disguised in a splendid dress, and crowned with flowers—he descends from the ship and comes down stage while the KINGS and PEOPLE kneel to him.)

PARIS. (C.) I come from Venus and have full permission
To pardon ev'ry one, on one condition
Which Menelaus shall himself fulfil.

MENEL. (L. C.) I will, if——

PARIS. No, no “ifs”——(*turning to go, they implore him*)

MENEL. Well then, I will.

PARIS. Queen Helen must alone a visit pay
To Venus, she must start this very day.
This ship shall there her ladyship convey.

ALL. Where to?

PARIS. Cythera; isle of corn and fruit!
We'll go the cheapest and the shortest route.
With her own hand the sacrifice she'll make,
Venus will pardon all for Helen's sake.
What says the King?

AGAMEM. Say yes.

MENEL. With all my heart,
Wait but one moment and the Queen will start.
(*calls*) Helen!

AGAMEM. Should she refuse?

MENEL. (*proudly*) She shall obey us.
(*solemnly*) People, I've done it.

ALL. Long live Menelaus!

Enter HELEN, R. 2 E.

Finale.—“ Ah non Giunge.”

HELEN. I quickly shawl'd me—
Your noise appalled me;
Why here have you hauled me?
Yes, pray say why have you called me?

MENEL. A vessel's moored there,
You'll go aboard there.
By Venus, we-e,
Made so happy shall be.

PARIS. (*aside to her*) You'll come with me, dear.

HELEN. (*aside*) That voice! 'tis he here.

- I'm hesitating.
 MENEL. And we are waiting.
 HELEN. } Don't shilly shally.
 PARIS. } Ascend { the } galley,
 MENEL. } { my }
 { that }
 And sail away, ay,
 And sail away.
 " My Skiff is on the Shore."
 PARIS. My skiff is on the shore.
 MENEL. Yes, go I command you.
 HELEN. What! stay here no more?
 PARIS. Up allow me to hand you.
 MENEL. Mere formalitee!
 Regard what I say.
 HELEN. This is fa-ta-li-tee
 If I obey!
 " Couplets des Rois."
 MENEL. Go di-rect-lee in his galley,
 -lee galley, galley,
 -lee galley, galley,
 For my good, my dear.
 ALL. The king, the king you hear!
 OREST. Don't, dear lady, dilly-dally,
 —di, dilly-dally,
 —di, dilly-dally,
 CALCH. Not one moment more.
 ALL. Away, we all implore.
 AGAMEM. More passengers for Cythera!
 Train's about to start!
 HELEN and PARIS. Shall we de-part for Cythera,
 —part for Cythera,
 —part for Cythera,
 If it gives them pleasure,
 Yes, with all my heart.
 PARIS. Start for Cythera, start for Cythera,
 Start for Cythera, start, start, start!
 All the way by water!
 Start for Cythera, start for Cythera!
 Farewell, Leda's daughter.
 CHORUS. Start for Cythera, &c., &c.

(*"Upon the Ohio."*—PARIS and HELEN walk round to the symphony—the people applauding them at the "Oho's"—they ascend the galley—one plank alone remains resting with one end on the galley, one on the shore)

Cythera is enticing
To Venus she will go,
Herself she's sacrificing
To end a people's woe.

PARIS. And what is most surprising
Is what I now will show.

(discovers himself—drum—start)

ALL. Hullò! Hullò!

MENEL. Well, here's a jolly go!!

CHORUS. 'Tis Paris who's enticing

Her ladyship to go,
His coolness is quite icing!
To think he'd do us so!

He's }
I'm } staggered now, but why sing,

Instead of acting so.

(AGAMEMNON draws sword—MENELAUS recovers himself and does so too—ALL draw—the galley begins to move off away from the shore, backwards towards c.)

ALL. } They go—they go!

PARIS and HELEN. } We go—we go!

(ropes thrown back on shore)

ALL. } We'll give him such a blow.

PARIS. } Now then look out below.

(MENELAUS rushes at the plank, gains the middle—the ship moves off suddenly, the plank disappears, and MENELAUS falls into the water—he is picked out by AGAMEMNON and can only gesticulate wildly as the galley goes farther away, and the curtain descends—the music of chorus is kept up to and through the end)

HELEN. PARIS. (on the ship)

AGAMEMNON. MENELAUS. CALCHAS. AJAX 1ST.

ORESTES.

AJAX 2ND.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

Curtain.